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CAMBRIDGE IN 1820.

I WONDER if they called themselves men in the days when Milton was whipped at Cambridge? When I went there, among its students were a large number of real men—men who had compassed into a very few stormy years, sights and doings and sufferings enough for threescore and ten. Many a youthful Ulysses was there. Must I come down to real life and the vulgar tongue, and give them their much-despised name of half-pay subalterns? So it was, and such was I, for England's greatest war was just over, ending in an invasion of the cloister by the camp. How the breed of Bachelors of Arts was affected by this cross, I never heard. For a resident in the university, curious in statistics, it might have been a point worth noticing.

One rather curious exchange of professions took place at this time in my own college. A candidate for holy orders, dazzled by the glories of his brother in red, left Cambridge for a barrack. I have heard of him in after-days as a colonel of dragoons. Meanwhile, the envied soldier-brother, sick of the mixture of vanity and hardship on which he had been living, came to occupy the vacant rooms at Cambridge, and in due time subsided into a warm and well-lined pulpit.

My father had chosen the college to which he sent my brother and myself for no reason that I could ever find but that in his youth he had a slight acquaintance with a friend of the Head of it. In other respects, it seemed hardly a desirable place, considering his anxiety that we should work hard and distinguish ourselves. It was about the smallest in the university, celebrated only for laxity of discipline and toleration of idleness, and popularly known as the 'refuge for the destitute,' to which fast men betook themselves, to avoid the restraints and labours imposed in colleges of higher character. I remonstrated, but in vain. My brother and I joined the flock of new-weaned lambs, and were driven into a pen known to mortals as the Senate-house, where we were ordered to swear to observe the statutes of the university. What these might

be, none of us knew, or cared to know. Everybody swore then, as everybody smokes now; it was a thing of course. So, when the official gabbed, we gabbed after him—signed our names, I think, and there was an end.

Alma Mater (as her slang name goes) had now one son more in me—a boy with one idea—work. The Head of the college proposed to me to take a private tutor (not then a very general practice); he recommended his own brother, and I acquiesced. We were to take up Sallust. I prepared a few pages of Catiline, went to him next morning, and began a *vivd voce* translation. He let me go on for about five minutes; then he said: 'That will do, Mr —. I can teach you nothing. I rather think you might teach me.' It was true, and nothing to boast of either. But he was an honest gentleman, and I saved my money. (My father had set me up with a small—very small—Independence, and I paid my own expenses at Cambridge.) It had been desired that I should study civil law; the easiest, and therefore the most ignominious road to a degree. I longed for mathematics; but consoled myself with the fact, that Airey (the present professor) was in my year. He had brought with him to Cambridge the reputation of a second Newton, and it would have vexed me (I was then ambitious) to know that I could not hope to be senior wrangler. I plunged them into the dry dog-Latin of Justinian and Heinecius, drudging in dogged disgust and quite alone, but not the less labouring hard. Such were my simplicity and ignorance (confidential chat with my father, which might have enlightened me, was quite out of the question), that I had not an idea of the prizes at Doctors' Commons for which this work might qualify me. If I had only felt that my exertions in this direction might enable me to marry early, as I wished, I should have attacked these crabbed oracles with new life and spirit, and never left them till I had wrung from them the gold which—not for itself—I wanted.

I had set myself a task—I would get my degree; but, strange as it now seems to me, I did not connect my university studies with my

after-life, my idea of which, beyond marriage, was quite vague. I had not a notion that this old musty chaff contained, indirectly, so much future nourishment. I was utterly unaware that on this foundation of rubbish was erected, and at that moment flourishing in London, a temple of Plutus,* and that I was actually going through the apprenticeship to a priesthood therein.

One other cause contributed to make my Cambridge life what it was—the general extravagance I saw around, which did not tempt, but frightened me. Ever since Eton, I had a holy horror of debt. My income had always been very small; but I had always lived within it—I had a feeling that I always would; and how to do that in Cambridge society I did not see. The result was, that I gave up society and led the life of a hermit. How perfect the isolation was, may be imagined from the fact that, going out one day, and seeing everybody in black, I inquired the reason, and was told that George III. and the Duke of York had died a week ago. The 'men' soon let me alone; it was all I wanted of them. The college authorities, in their way, were very kind to me. One day, the Head of the house sent for me—a smooth, soft, supple, stooping personage, who glided noiselessly about, and was not a man of much commanding or persuasive power. He was wont to express unfeigned astonishment that he could not get the young men to take a pleasure in the civil law. They did actually, he said, seem incapable of seeing or feeling the beauties of it. He now addressed me solemnly thus: 'Mr ——, your neglect of chapel is something extraordinary.'

'Sir, I pay my fines.'

'Yes, sir' (warning); 'but that is not enough, and on Sunday evenings you appear to be habitually absent. Pray, how do you pass them?'

'Sir, I go to Mr Simeon.'

Simeon, though a Fellow of King's, was a quasi-dissenter, of some note in his day, had a church of his own, and was the founder of a sort of sect. What their peculiarities were, beyond a profession of rigid morality, I do not remember. I don't think I ever knew. But I had accidentally heard him preach, and was so struck with the earnest manner of the old man, that I had got into a habit of attending his sermons. On the subject of chapel, my commanding-officer and I now came to a sort of compromise. Fines were a matter of course; but he would not be extreme to mark my absence, and I would endeavour to keep up appearances. About Simeon, he was tolerant enough not to say a word, and my attendance on that irregular saint was abruptly terminated very shortly after. I had always thought deeply on religion, and was then beginning to entertain doubts on certain points. With full faith in Simeon, I wrote to him, giving my name and college, stating my distress, and begging him to let me come and talk to him; or suggesting, if he preferred it, that as

I attended his Sunday evening service, he should make my difficulties the subject of his next sermon, to begin with. He never took the slightest notice of my application. I went the following Sunday to his church, but his discourse had nothing whatever to do with me.* I never troubled Mr Simeon more.

Our college service in chapel was like most of such observances. One scene will suffice. It is a winter evening—candles lighted, service going on; the majority of the congregation, including the Head, more or less asleep. One man, nod-nod-nodding, at last nods his head into a candle; his well-oiled curls blaze up like a burnt-sacrifice. His seat was just under the Head, who, waking up in confusion, hastily puts out the wrong candle, and then looks solemn. Service not interrupted.

In another little matter, besides attendance at chapel, etiquette was relaxed in my favour, and dignity stooped to be indulgent. One of my windows looked into a garden, enclosed within the college walls. It had a neglected appearance, and I never saw anybody, not even a gardener, in it. The absolute seclusion of the place, and a fine morning, tempted me; I opened my window, slid down into the garden, saw not a creature, took my walk, and had found just the peripatetic study I wanted. I got back again without difficulty; and here I took my walks abroad continually.

One day the master's servant came for me, and as we went along, expressed his horror at the enormity of which I had been guilty. I had, it appeared, been actually appropriating to myself the Fellows' Garden! a thing unheard of! It seemed sacrifice in his eyes. My chief received me civilly, and said it had been reported to him that I was in the habit of using the Fellows' Garden, and that it was necessary I should understand that it was no place for undergraduates. I pleaded ignorance, assured him I would not repeat the offence, and said I had done no harm. He smiled, as he replied, he did not apprehend that; and told me that, distinctly understanding it as a favour, I was welcome to amuse myself in the place in question.

I had settled down to steady work; but midnight tapers were never to my taste—I was always an early bird. In the depth of winter, I used to jump up and light my fire at five o'clock, and go a long stage by candle-light. Long walks were a necessary of life to me; sometimes runs, Sandhurst fashion; and in summer, I had my skiff on the Cam. Temperate I was in earnest; but now and then I treated myself to a little supper, in the shape of toasted cheese (they did it inimitably), and one glass of such ale as is not drunk, nor dreamed of, in these degenerate days. One excess I did commit, and speedily repented of. The first two cantos of *Don Juan*, just out, fell into my hands. I sat down, meaning to read a few lines while I drank my tea; but to leave off I found impossible until the very last line of the second canto was finished. Then I tried to return to my work, and that was equally impossible. In a rage (shade of Byron, forgive me!) I threw the book into the fire, and myself into bed, and got up next morning as steady a mill-horse as ever.

The subjects for university prizes came out. I was rather taken with the Chancellor's, for English

* If I am not mistaken, the diggings in Doctors' Commons are hardly what they were.

* It is fair to suggest that Mr Simeon may have thought the application of our contributor to have been a hoax: he had had experience of such things.—ED. C. J.

verse, and began to turn it over in my mind at breakfast, which, in my bachelor-days, was always with me a meal of an hour at least—accompanied with a book, or some such relish. By degrees, my thoughts shaped themselves into lines; my breakfast recreation became more and more earnest; till like all earthly pleasures, it came to a speedy end. I copied out my exercise, sent it in, and utterly forgot it.

The annual college examination was now approaching. I went into Hall with the rest, and found, as I expected, a paper of questions of very mild character indeed. I scribbled away contemptuously enough. Ah! here was one I felt sure of: a fancy subject of our Head—a regular laugh against him among his undergraduates—the Contrast between Christ and Mohammed. I had a strong memory in those days, and shamelessly gave him back his own big words and commonplaces, and the favourite assertions, without proof, and beggings of the question, which used to load his lectures. I was pretty soon tired, and had filled sheets of paper quite enough, I thought. Up I got, and took them to the tutor. ‘What’s this, Mr —? What do you want?’

‘Here are my papers, sir: I’ve done.’ —

‘What do you mean? You can’t have answered all the questions.’

‘Yes, I have, sir—every one.’

‘Then, for decency’s sake, sir, do go back, and sit down a little longer.’

I went, and behaved decently. That I answered satisfactorily, a well-bound copy of Livy, with a complimentary inscription, is yet extant to testify.

The vacation came. I did not care to go home. The first morning, my gyp* brought in my breakfast arranged in a fancy dress that made me start up from my work, and inquire what it meant. I was informed that he was going snipe-shooting. He looked fit to set the very fens on fire—a dazzling Jack-o’-lantern.

The vacation had passed, and there was I still jogging on, hand-in-hand with old Justinian and his commentators.

Once more I was summoned to the doctor, who welcomed me with the announcement that the Chancellor’s medal for English verse was mine. Perhaps my head was a little turned—at that age it was excusable—but I tried, and I hope successfully, to keep any such feeling to myself. I very soon found out how little such a success was valued beyond the walls of a college. I have not kept a copy of the exercise; and the chief permanent interest I have taken in the thing arises from the fact, that the same prize was gained, the year after, by Thomas Babington Macaulay.

I was by this time fully competent to have taken my degree in civil law; but I had not served the necessary apprenticeship—had not kept the requisite number of terms; so I worked on, meaning to do something creditable; yet I was sick of this sort of life; and while the sickness was on me, came a flattering letter from a high military quarter, offering me a vacancy, as a student, at the senior department of the Military College. My father made no objection; my evil genius prevailed. I had a fatal relapse of scarlet-fever. Full of military hopes of I knew not what, I left

Cambridge as, surely few leave it, without a friend, except my brother; with scarcely an acquaintance; without a degree, though a university medallist; and without a shilling of debt.

L O R D U L S W A T E R.

CHAPTER XIX.—A RECOGNITION.

‘POLICE are traps, are they, Billy, my boy? traps, eh? They’re quite right and proper on your part, William, to come down and rusticate in the country for a while; and dutiful, too, to remember your father and your native place,’ said, or, more correctly, hiccupped, the old pauper, Huller *père*, tinkling the tea-spoon against the sides of his nearly empty tumbler. Mr Huller had obtained leave of absence from his parochial duties; it was easy for a man like himself, a member, so to speak, of the Uncovenanted Civil Service of his parish workhouse, to obtain such leave. And he was spending the golden summer afternoon, much to his taste, in imbibing strong liquors, to be paid for by his hopeful son, at the sign of the *Three Jolly Fishermen*.

The *Three Jolly Fishermen*, the dusky effigies of whom, swinging on iron hooks above the outer door, had been so battered and maltreated by age and rough weather, as to present few discernible features beyond one red cap and a villainous leering face beneath it, was not a house of very good repute. It was one of those hostgeries at mention of which, on licensing-day, the assembled magistrates shook their heads and hesitated to renew, but did renew in spite of their hesitation, because the tavern belonged to the local brewer, and the local brewer was of the quorum. A low-browed, ugly little public it was, very old, yet promising, like some surly little old man with broad back and bowed shoulders, to outlive many younger and more graceful compeers. Its heavy beams, stout walls of flint stone and hard mortar, and small windows with little panes set in lead, behind which were thin red curtains, gave it a character of its own quite alien to that of the modern gin-shop, with its brightly painted casks and its ostentatious plate-glass.

In the tap of this delectable house of entertainment there were no customers but young Huller and old Huller. The house did a good business, but almost entirely at night; and in fine weather and the summer season, it was only on cattle-market days that there was any influx of company before sundown. To quote, however, the language of the landlord of the *Three Jolly Fishermen* himself, ‘all was fish’ that came to his ready net. Welcome were thirsty drovers, thirsty mariners from collier brigs beached on Shellton shingle, thirsty soldiers from the Shellton barracks, tramps, trawlers, hawkers, harvestmen, and foreigners of the organ-grinding art and mystery. One touch of nature—that is to say, thirst, and such thirst as required to be slaked with excisable drinks—made the whole world kin to the landlord of the *Three Jolly Fishermen*, on the one condition, that the thirsty soul should be solvent.

Mr William Huller was solvent. Work, in his peculiar line of business, may or may not have been ‘slack,’ according to the assurance which his gib parent had given to his patron, Mr Marsh, but the younger man had money, and he stood treat most munificently to the moralist or the cynic would

* Servant, from *gyps*, a vulture—a happy hit of some classical victim.

that parent and child have presented, had Asmodens just then treated some philosophical Cleophas to a peep at the taproom of the *Fishermen*.

Old Huller was tipsy and maudlin, but cunning in his cups. It is the fashion to talk of seasoned vessels, as if any man were the less likely to get drunk because he had been drunk a few hundred times before. But, at any rate, Huller senior was not one of these case-hardened topers. He might more aptly have been likened to a sponge soaked in gin, a very moderate additional supply of alcohol sufficing to produce complete saturation. But there was craft in his watery eyes, craft in the furtive twist of his hooked nose, in the expression of his mean mouth; and he seemed, in his senile intoxication, rather to be looking out for some one to cheat than to be off his guard for the time.

The strong, bull-necked fellow sitting on the opposite side of the table was not drunk. A little flushed, perhaps, a little boastful; but not more so than thousands of gentlemen who have 'dined,' and found their tongues loosened by the process, but who would justly and indignantly rebut the accusation of drunkenness. William Huller was not the slave of strong waters, or, at least, his serfdom was not so confirmed as that of his papa, or even of Mr Marsh, his papa's patron. And, besides, he was keeping sober for a purpose. It was his wish to draw his parent out, and make him talk freely on the subject of that very patron, and in his simple strategy he could find no better Open Sesame to apply to the parental lips than hot gin and water in copious draughts.

There was a wonderful contrast between the two men, notwithstanding the family-likeness that Mr Marsh had remarked, a gulf between them not to be bridged, such as can hardly exist except between the taught and the untaught. Old Huller had been educated. Young Huller had studied criminal lore in the hulks, and had graduated at the Old Bailey. The old man, even in his degradation, had thoughts and theories at mention of which the young man could only have stared or laughed. The senior was a bad, crooked-minded old rogue, but he had read books with relish and understanding. The junior was a dull, passionate, small-brained savage, with a sort of brutish scorn for the culture that the learned set such store by. As the younger Huller sat fronting his father, he would have served an artist as an admirable model for some picture of the coarser type of Roman gladiator, strong-limbed, deep-chested, with stern resolution on his scarred face, a muscular fighting animal sure to shew sport in the arena.

The dutiful son making no reply to his father's chuckling commentary on some recent revelation from the former, Old Huller drank off the small quantity of gin and water that his glass contained, heaved a little sigh, and tinkled the spoon against the tumbler till it rang like a shrill but tiny bell. The founder of the feast took the hint, and summoning the potboy from his Domitian-like pastime of killing bluebottle flies in the front parlour, ordered fresh glasses, and gulped down a portion of his own half-consumed tumblerful. Then, when the steaming liquor arrived, and the shirt-sleeved Ganymede was gone again, the younger man spoke, in an amicable growl.

'He's a queer customer, that doctor chap we met. You know him well, don't you? He seemed to order you about pretty much as if he were captain of the gang, didn't he, dad?'

'Yes, Billy, yes; he is a little arbitrary, perhaps, is the doctor. But then he's workhouse medical officer, remember, and I'm only a poor man that the Guardians could turn out of his berth tomorrow without reason given. Of course, I must humour 'em, William; mustn't I humour 'em, eh?' was the pauper's reply; and he sucked in a fresh dose of his favourite medicine, eyeing his son the while with a sort of stealthy enjoyment.

The scarred face began to darken. Young Huller was growing weary of the task of pumping his affectionate parent for information that was never forthcoming. There had he been ever since the mid-day meal, toiling morally at the crank, and none the wiser was he for his trouble and his hospitality. He broke out in his more wonted way: 'Look here, old man'—and as he said it, he slapped the table violently with his heavy hand, making the spoons and glasses clatter—'look you here. I did come down to Shellton to keep snug, and maybe I wasn't sorry to have the chance of shaking hands with you again, dad; though hang me if I know why. You know best what sort of a father you were to me—'

'On principle, William, on principle. I always tried, my dear boy, to develop in your young mind the spirit of self-reliance and manly energy,' interrupted the elder, cringing before his son almost as he had cringed before Mr Marsh.

'If leaving a kid to shift for itself, and go to the devil its own way, if that's principle—sink your adjective principles!' said Huller *filis* very savagely, and with a strong imprecation and another sounding slap upon the table. 'However, that's nouther here nor there. I'm what I am, and you're what you are, and now for business. Don't try to gammon me about that doctor. There's something wrong, a screw loose somewhere, and he pays you for holding your tongue; that's about it, isn't it?'

'You are a conjuror, Billy—on my word, you are a conjuror,' said old Huller winking, and wagging his unhonoured gray head, as he lifted the tumbler to his lips. But he presently perceived that his son's determined face was waxing very stern indeed, and as it was his nature to bow, reed-like, to the blast of human anger, he made haste to mollify his sullen offspring. With engaging frankness he avowed that there was, yes, a reason why Mr Marsh should notice him, Benjamin Huller. He obscurely hinted that he had rendered services to Mr Marsh, which services had not been adequately compensated. He deplored his patron's ingratitude, but gave him credit on account of the temporary narrowness of the doctor's means. But patience had its limits, and there was, the pauper protested, a 'party' in the background, a party well able to pay Mr Marsh's debts of honour, if only a proper screw were put upon that moneyed individual. Finally, old Huller mentioned that he had a plan, or as he called it, in language more familiar to the listener's ear, 'a plant—a very pretty plant indeed,' maturing in his own wily brain; and should this seedling of Mr Huller's wife come to perfection, the inventor pledged himself with a great oath that his dear boy Bill should have a part to perform, and a liberal share of the profits, called, for brevity, the swag. More than this, Mr Huller would not say.

'And now, Bill, tell me something about yourself. How did they use you over there?' said Mr Huller in smooth tones, jerking his thumb backwards over his shoulder as if to indicate Bermuda,

Gibraltar, Western Australia, or any other place of enforced retirement for the criminal classes.

'Like a dog!' growled the strong man, with a very doglike snarl upon his coarse mouth. 'Life aboard them hulks is enough to make any man into a sort of baited bull. Break the rules—irons and bread and water. Give a knock-down blow to a warden that nags your very heart out—the cat, and four dozen well laid on. So much as look black at an officer—cat again! They weren't half so bad, nor a quarter of it, out in Western Australia; a chap might keep out of trouble there.'

'You were at the diggings, too, lad, after your time was worked out?' said old Huller inquiringly. 'You never told me whether you did well at the gold.'

But it appeared from such disconnected scraps of his free Australian experiences as the amiable Huller, junior, could be induced to impart, that he had been more of the bushranger than of the miner, and had found the gun or revolver more congenial to his taste than the pick and cradle. 'Jumping a claim,' he once or twice alluded to, certainly; and it seemed to have been the nearest approach to legitimate enterprise that dwelt in his recollection, unless a 'grand grog-store in the bush' with its enviable facilities for huccussing successful diggers, might be regarded in the same light. But the principal portion of Bill's regrets had reference to a certain promising scheme for 'bailing up' the gold escort on its way to the capital, and which had failed through the treachery of one of the projectors.

'You've had a knock or two, William; a slice of the knife, too, if I'm not mistaken?' said his father, nodding blankly at the scars on the younger man's bronzed face.

'What o' that?' responded Bill defiantly. 'I gave as good as I got, anyway. Look at this,' pointing to a dull crimson blotch, perilously near the right eye; 'a darned black fellow thrust his fire-stick in my face. He meant to fire the hut, and there were a whole mob of the yelling black brutes at his heels, with spears and tomahawks, thinking to rush us four white men. We licked 'em. I brained that chap with his own tomahawk, him that burned that mark on me,' pursued the ex-convict, evidently pleased by the reminiscence. 'This knife-mark was done by a pal in a grog-store. We had a big drink and got quarrelling. This other, a mere scratch, I got in Bermuda from a warden's cutlass. Those two marks'—laying his finger on two small white dints below the left temple—'one of the adjective Australian police did that with the but-end of his carbine. It came very near cracking my skull, so the doctor said; but there warn't one of them fellows, policemen or not, that had any cause to boast they beat Bendigo Bill.'

'That's what they called you, William?' said old Huller caressingly.

'That's what they called me. And I'm not ashamed of it,' said his son gruffly, as if to challenge contradiction.

Still it was evident that the younger man was proud of his scars, as a Comanche warrior might be of the scalps on his tent-pole, and therefore his father, with an eye to more gin and water, as well as an instinctive wish to keep the present company in good-humour, resumed the subject of the son's prowess. 'You always were plucky, William, and a good one with your fists when you were only

as high as sixpennyworth of halfpence. You've kept the game alive since you've been at home, I should say, by the look of that beauty mark—it's not half healed yet.' And the old pauper pointed to a livid streak, newer than the rest, on his son's forbidding countenance: 'That on the right cheekbone. Who did that?'

Up rose Bendigo Bill in a fury, upsetting his glass as he did so, and clutching his astonished sire by the collar of his pepper-and-salt coat, shook the old man till the teeth chattered in his head, as fiercely, abruptly, and vehemently as a bull-terrier shakes a rat. 'What do you mean by that, you old sinner? Who told you of that?' thundered the ex-convict, with a running accompaniment of oaths, such as only those who have taken their degree in the criminal universities could hope to improvise. But it presently became plain to the dull, angry man that his parent's question had been a guileless one; that the aged pauper was really quite innocent of any sarcastic meaning in his remarks. With something that was not an apology—for men of Bendigo Bill's stamp never apologise—but which more resembled the expiatory process of swearing at himself, the dutiful son relaxed his grip of the pepper-and-salt coat, and old Huller, half choked, carried the tumbler to his lips with an unsteady hand.

'Never mind, lad. I'm not hurt,' he said timorously.

'The man that did that,' rejoined Bendigo Bill, after a pause, and speaking with a ferocious energy that made him almost eloquent, 'he and I have got, yet, to square our accounts, and we'll do it when we meet again; never doubt what I say. He took me unawares, that stuck-up, white-handed swell; but I'll be even with him yet, if it's in court, before My Lord Judge and the whole boiling of 'em. I'll swing for that man, but I'll be revenged.'

It was a singular proof of how very much the ruffian was in earnest, that he swore no oath, but simply said his say. In common discourse, his talk was garnished with strong expressions, such as Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim may have listened to in leaguer before Namur, and the full force of which he probably no more realised than ordinary folks think of the etymology of the words they employ. But in his concentrated thirst for revenge, he forgot the expletives so often on his untutored tongue.

A long, awkward interval of silence, only interrupted by the tinkling signals of distress which the senior occasionally ventured to make with his empty glass and spoon, and then the redoubtful Bendigo Bill spoke again.

'I'm going out,' he said bluntly; 'I shall take a stroll, and think what to do. You had better go to sleep. I'll tell them to let you lie quiet for an hour or two; and when you've slept off the drink, you'd better get back to the workhouse. I'll drop in before dark. No, dad; no more gin, if you rattle that spoon ever so much. You've had as much as is good for you, I reckon.'

So, leaving his papa to pass from the domains of Bacchus into those of Morpheus, and considerably leaving instructions at the bar of the *Three Jolly Fishermen* that the old man should be 'let lie' as long as might be needful, this model son quitted the beetling doorway of the public-house, and, with his hands in his pockets, made his sauntering way through the by-streets of Shellton, and so towards the sea. Hot gin-and-water in the early part of a sultry summer afternoon is not generally

recommended by the Faculty as a clearer of the brains, or a beneficial tonic to the nervous and circulatory system. But the ex-convict's health was perfect. He had one of those strong bodies that it takes time to wear out by contempt for the physical laws; and, moreover, he had been so much in prison, with the wholesome addition of hard labour, that his bodily powers were almost wholly unimpaired by alcohol swallowed during his freer moments. Sober, but brooding gloomy thoughts in his narrow mind, he strolled towards the sea.

The garotter, burglar, footpad, bushranger, and miscellaneous robber, known in the flesh as Bendigo Bill, might be acquitted of any sentimental liking for the sea, or of any enjoyment of the prospect which the dancing gold and purple of its measureless waters, dancing and sparkling in billions of ripples under a joyous summer sun, afforded to those who cared to look with loving eyes. In truth, he hated the sea. Such men do. To them it is but the moat around their far-off prison, the highway to exile, the scene of great misery and hardship on board a convict-laden vessel. William Hull certainly threw one glance at the broad sheet of salt water, and then turned away with a growl of disgust. He had not rambled that way to admire the ocean, but because all roads at the sea-side seem to lead one's steps to the sea; and the parade was there, and the shops, and the visitors.

One group caught his eye; a pony-carriage, drawn by two pretty ponies, with a mounted groom in attendance; just one of those convenient low baskets, full of young ladies, and muslin skirts, and bewilderingly tasteful hats and plumes and veils, of which we now see so many at a watering-place. The lady who held the reins was young and very beautiful, for she was Flora Hastings, and she had brought her four-footed pets to a halt, and was talking with a tall, fair-haired young man, who leaned forward over the side of the low carriage, holding his horse by the bridle the while. Presently they parted. The tall gentleman with fair hair lifted his hat as the pony-carriage passed on, remounted his horse, and rode slowly away. He did not see Bendigo Bill.

But Bendigo Bill saw him, and ground his teeth, and gasped for breath. It was his conqueror in Great Popplewell Street, the 'swell' who had humiliated him before his fellows.

'I'll hang for that man, but I'll have my revenge,' said the ruffian to himself; and as Lord Ulswater rode away, the garotter followed him with swift but stealthy steps.

CHAPTER XX.—THE WICKED WORLD.

'I'll tell you what it is, Warburton,' Captain Crashaw of the Horse Guards Blue had said, that very morning, in the billiard-room of Shellton Manor; 'I'll tell you what it is—forty-two to twenty-five, cannon again, forty-four to twenty-five—if I were Fortunatus Morgan, instead of being a poor devil of a Heavy, with empty pockets—forty-six, in spite of the cushion—I should not care to have such a man as Ulswater spooning my affianced one—a winning-hazard—now again—game!' And then the captain added, very impressively: 'That's between you and me!'

But Crashaw need hardly have troubled himself to bind over his young friend to silence. That

pink-faced, bucolical young gentleman from the West of England, whose chief distinction in that house it was to be merry Miss Warburton's brother, was discreet by instinct and by habit. He seldom opened his mouth but at meal-times, and even then, as he sat quietly eating, his abstinence from the sin of frivolous speaking would have endeared him to Mr Carlyle. To the negative merit of being mute, Young Warburton, as his associates called him behind his back, added the active virtue of reverence. He had a finely developed organ of veneration, and the object of his admiration just then was Crashaw of the Blues. He dressed after Crashaw's pattern, got introductions to Crashaw's long-suffering tradesmen, and sent them bountiful orders, paying ready money for the brilliant garments, the hats and boots, that he purchased; followed Crashaw everywhere, and gave him such simple, open-mouthed homage—rather grotesque, but touching, too, in its honest frankness—as none but a hobardehoy could contrive to give.

No, there was not much fear lest Young Warburton should betray the captain's confidence, unless it were by way of proving to his sister that he, Richard Warburton, knew a thing or two, and even then no great harm would have been done. There were other pairs of eyes in the house, quite as observant as those of Crashaw; and by this time, every girl there, and perhaps one or two of the married ladies, had noticed something, or had heard something, to the effect that Lord Ulswater was paying court to Flora Hastings, and that his attentions were by no means unwelcome.

However admirable may be a man's tact, its powers of dissimulation are of necessity limited, and in the long-run it is by far more easy for the innocent to be convicted of flirtation by a jury of young ladies, than for the guilty to escape indictment and trial. Lord Ulswater, who never flirted, remained free from suspicion of serious love-making for a time; but at last an awful roll of charges, based on trifling incidents of the slightest possible character, began to accumulate against him, and Shellton Manor was on the watch for further evidence.

Not Shellton Manor in the persons of its proprietors, but Shellton Manor as represented by all its younger visitors. The elder guests were too worldly wise, or perhaps too much absorbed in their own affairs, to see anything that was not glaringly patent. The Right Honourable Robert and Mrs Hastings saw nothing at all. This was a grave business; even the giggling girls from the distant counties, even the unrespective young men from Pall Mall, felt that. There are likings, and loves, and preferences, that are accounted fair game for people of quizzing proclivities. The announcement that Prince Volscius, or, it may be, Princess Volscia, his sister, is in love, serves still as the cue for malicious or sportive laughter on many a domestic stage. Some unhappy wretches there are who are not permitted so much as to steal away and die, like a hurt fawn, when Cupid's arrows strike them. There are merciless persons ready to drag them forth from the covert, and to point out to all eyes how the little archer's shafts rattle in the wound, and to jeer and flout their pain, as though it were the best of jokes.

There were guests at Shellton very capable of cruelty of this sort, blithe girls, whose own hearts had never felt a pang, and whose immunity from sentimental distress made them pitiless, as children

are pitiless, because they have not yet learned the freemasonry of suffering. And perhaps one or two of the men, and one or two of the married ladies, whose souls had been rather soured than improved by some bygone griefs of their own, as is the case with some natures, would have enjoyed a little amusement at the expense of somebody else. But Lord Ulswater was not the kind of man with whom it was prudent to take a liberty, while Miss Hastings had a quiet, unconscious dignity of bearing, which it was impossible to disregard. Moreover, there was an indistinct conviction among the members of that pleasant circle, to the effect that if a man or a woman wanted to make an enemy, John, Baron Ulswater, would be a dangerous one. But no one had so abnormal a desire; so, if there were whisperings, outspoken words were avoided, and all went smoothly and steadily on.

Meanwhile, the persons principally concerned met daily without hindrance. Lord Ulswater, whose eagle eye seemed not seldom to have the power of reading the thoughts of those about him, may have perceived that his frequent visits and frequent conversations with Miss Hastings were not wholly unnoticed. But Flora was blind—blind as her parents, whose serene self-sufficiency was unruffled by doubt or dread—blind as those over whose eyes the rosy-fingered urchin has tied the bandage of Paphian web. It was to her one long, delightful, sunny dream of checkered light and shade, and she was happy, and cared not to dwell much upon the past, or to think much of the future. Hers was a state of mind more common with women than with men.

Yes, Flora Hastings was happy now, for it was the period in this strange courtship when an innocent girl was able to enjoy the present the most thoroughly. Here was none of the unrest, the jealousy, the demands, the imperiousness of love, but merely a sort of halcyon voyage over peaceful, sun-gilded seas, with balmy zephyrs to fill the sails, and soft music, and a dreamy quiet of content. Men are seldom so steeped in the happiness of the present moment as women have the power to be. They look ahead for the haven instead of luxuriating in the length of the voyage. With them there is always a to-morrow, a goal, a future, something to be struggled on to, won, secured. Their longings are fiercer and fuller than is their capacity for actual joy. It is for men to hurry and press on towards the undiscovered Eden beyond the dim blue mountain-wall afar off; it is the privilege of the other sex to rest and be thankful among the wild-flowers in some shady halting-place upon the hot and dusty road.

So Flora Hastings was happy in the immediate present, and if she remembered the future at all, she shut her eyes to it, and would not dwell upon it; she was as a sleeper who dreams a sweet celestial dream, one of those soft visions that come to visit us so seldom, and who will not without a struggle uncloise his eyes to the cold cruel morning light that comes to turn the fairy gold to withered ivy leaves once more. Never before had she known a man like Lord Ulswater, and now she cared for him more than she dared to believe, more and more every day. Good looks, even in a man, go for something, but it was not Lord Ulswater's handsome person that would have made prize of the heart of such a girl as Miss Hastings, thoughtful, high-bred, and accustomed to a society in which fair faces were not uncommon. Chirper of

the Life Guards, for instance, was a perfect Adonis, what our grandmothers in the Ranelagh days were wont to call a 'beauty man,' but nobody ever fell in love with poor Chirper.

There was a magic in John Carnac's voice, a charm in the glance of his eye, rarely exerted, but which had never been resisted yet by woman. The very touch of his hand, the very turn of his proud head, bent down as he talked with her, were dear to Flora Hastings. Then what talk it was—not oratorical, not flashy or pompous, or over-fluent—but to her ear it had an eloquence that was music itself. Lord Ulswater's conversation had the rare merit of suggesting, rather than of defining, noble sentiments and bright glorious thoughts. Flora was a girl of quick feelings and strong sensibilities; she had a natural sympathy for whatever was true and good, and perhaps her own half-conscious thoughts were and had ever been less commonplace than was usual with any but clever women. She may have been clever, but if so she did not know it, nor claim any distinction on that score. But she could listen to Lord Ulswater, and be happy in listening.

Miss Hastings had the usual tendency to hero-worship that seems almost inherent in her sex, but it is not easy, in the critical, *nil admirari* atmosphere of London society, to select a hero worth worshipping. The lions of Belgravian parties had shaken their tawny manes and roared for her benefit, but she had always been disappointed in the quality of the roaring. Great writers, great speakers, great travellers, dreadfully clever men whose lips distilled gall and bitterness perennially, and who were feared because of their venom, as serpents are feared—all these she had seen and heard unmoved. The literary lions, she found, roared but feebly when denied the advantage of print and paper; the orators and travellers were coarsely boastful, or dull and pretentious, or, more likely still, shy and sullen in private life, and the Mayfair cynics were mere prigs, pert, flippant, ill-natured, but not in the least amusing. There had been lions of another sort, men whose leonine qualities had been proved—gallant soldiers who had won or merited the Cross of Valour by almost fabulous exploits against Indian mutineers. These lions, for the most part, would not roar at all, but were very quiet and simple lions, meekly enduring the laurel-wreaths with which their countrymen insisted on adorning their brave, honest heads. If they talked at all, it certainly was not of battles and rescues, but of how very hot it was in Lady Doldrums' rooms, and of the Derby and the Overland Route, and of what a bore India was, after all.

Lord Ulswater was the first, the very first man that Flora Hastings had ever felt herself able to love with the admiring, trustful adoration, the love that looks up, like a growing plant, towards the light, which is most beautiful in woman. She knew very well that he had not done much to win a name for himself in Fame's temple, but then there are some men to whom, so long as they are young, the world will consent to discount the future, to honour their bill, so to speak, upon posterity, and to give them credit for what they are going to do whenever they shall gird themselves for hard work. There was an appearance of latent power, moral, mental, and physical, in all that Lord Ulswater said and did. The jaguar lolls on the straw-strewn floor of its cage, a lazy, great wild-

cat, doing nothing most elaborately; but we detect the closely packed muscles hidden beneath the spotted skin, and believe what hunters tell us of the stroke and strength of that pliant forepaw.

Also there was another spell which this one man alone exercised over Flora's imagination. She had in her much of that undefined longing for excellence, to be good, and to do good, which most girls who are neither stupid nor selfish experience in the years that they pass between the schoolroom and the period of their marriage. This is a powerful influence with the young, and has sent many a nun into the living tomb of the convent, and made many a popular preacher's chapel fill to suffocation with pretty little bonnets encasing anxious, solemn little faces, pretty or plain. Now Lord Ulswater seemed able to tell her—Flora Hastings—how to be good and useful in the world, and to lighten the dark places where vice and poverty brooded like evil vampires over their hereditary prey; and he not only spoke of these things with earnestness and feeling, but without cant, which no one else had ever done. She was glad, very glad to have found a friend like him: some one who understood her.

There was some justice, certainly, in Ruth Morgan's suspicions. Here was Flora Hastings congratulating herself on having met with a male friend who understood her—and she longed for his coming, and was sorry when he left her—and she was to be Ruth's brother's wife—Mrs Morgan of Cramlington and Stoneham, and so on; hereafter, it was to be hoped, Lady Cramlington of that ilk, honoured and right honourable. A very proper marriage. Everyone said so. It made her parents happy. It secured her a high place at the world's banquet. It gave her an amiable man, without any harm in him, to the best of popular belief, to be her husband. It was all very snugly, safely, irrevocably settled, and therefore the idea of it could be put aside like some valuable object, rarely used, which we keep under lock and key till it shall be wanted. Taking her marriage for granted, then, and not caring to realise the relief she felt on account of the temporary absence of her betrothed consort, Flora was happy in the society of John Carnac, Baron Ulswater.

On the day when Bendigo Bill's eye lit upon his enemy so unexpectedly on the parade of Shellton-on-Sea, Lord Ulswater, contrary to his usual practice, had not paid his ordinary visit to Shellton Manor. He had stayed away, and his absence had caused some little remark. Flora alone had said nothing, but some of those who watched her as narrowly as politeness allowed, saw, or thought they saw, that her spirits were less equable on that morning than on others. She was thoughtful and silent, or almost feverishly excited, by turns, and Crashaw said long afterwards that when, by some accident, he had touched her hand, it was as cold as marble. How her eyes had brightened when, in the course of her afternoon drive, she had met Lord Ulswater slowly riding through the watering-place, Miss Warburton was always ready to depose; with the additional circumstance that Flora had trembled as John Carnac sprang from his horse, and held out his hand to her. They had not said a word to one another that might not have been told in Gath, or Bath, by the town-crier himself. How could they, with Miss Warburton and Miss Tressilian sitting in the pony-carriage, and the mounted groom two yards off? If there had been a lovers'

quarrel, as those two young ladies afterwards averred, assuredly the reconciliation was not a verbal one. But a great deal may be said by the eyes, and by the lightest pressure of the hand; and even the common talk of lovers is full of catchwords and mysteries, as we all know, unintelligible to any but the initiated twain.

So away, at the merriest trot of her ponies, went Flora Hastings, with bright eyes and quickened breathing, and a colour mantling in her dainty cheek, for the first time that day, as her little feminine censors, with that turn for amateur detective-ship in Cupid's preserves which many young ladies have, mentioned in confidence to their other dear friends. And away rode Lord Ulswater, slowly, away from Shellton, and out into the deep lanes that scored the hogbacked ridge of the downs on which St Pagans stood; and after him, with a swift step, went Bendigo Bill.

'I'll settle accounts with that chap now or never, if I hang for it!' muttered the garrotter, as he kept the horseman warily in view. Bendigo Bill's eyes were bright, too, with a light that boded no good. Lord Ulswater rode on at a walking pace into the lonely road, and Bendigo Bill followed close behind.

TIME-MEASURERS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

IN 1696, a very remarkable clock was made for 'le Grand Monarque,' whom science as well as literature, it seems, delighted to flatter. Louis was therein represented upon his throne, surrounded by the electors of the German states and the princes of Italy, who advanced towards him doing homage, and retired chiming the quarters of the hours with their canes. The kings of Europe did the same, except that they struck the hours instead of the quarters. The maker, Burdeau, advertised his intention of exhibiting this work of art in public, and knowing the stubborn resistance offered to his sovereign by William III, he determined to make the English monarch's effigy particularly pliant, so that when its turn came he should shew an especial humility. 'William, thus compelled, bowed very low indeed; but at the same moment, some part of the machinery snapped asunder, and threw "le Grand Monarque" prostrate from his chair at the feet of the British king. The news of the accident spread in every direction as an omen; the king was informed of it, and poor Burdeau was confined in the Bastille.'

Clock-omens, it seems, have not been confined to the work of this unfortunate Frenchman. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* for March 23, 1861, relates the following account of a curious omen or coincidence: "On Wednesday night, or rather Thursday morning, at three o'clock, the inhabitants of the metropolis were roused by repeated strokes of the new great bell at Westminster, and most persons supposed it was for a death in the royal family. There might have been about twenty slow strokes when it ceased. It proved, however, to be due to some derangement of the clock, for at four and five o'clock, ten or twelve strokes were struck instead of the proper number. On mentioning this in the morning to a friend, who is deep in London antiquities, he observed that there is an opinion in the city that anything the matter with St Paul's great

bell is an omen of ill to the royal family ; and he added : ' I hope the opinion will not extend to the Westminster bell.' This was at eleven on Friday morning. I see by the *Times* this morning, that it was not till 1 A.M. the lamented Duchess of Kent was considered in the least danger, and as you are aware, she expired in less than twenty-four hours. I am told the same notion obtains at Windsor."

A century after Burdeau's master-piece, a much more useful work, and one perhaps equally characteristic of the nationality of its maker, was executed for George III. by Alexander Cumming of Edinburgh, which registered the height of the barometer. ' This was effected by a circular card, of about two feet in diameter, being made to turn once in a year. The card was divided by radii lines into three hundred and sixty-five divisions, the months and days being marked round the edge, while the usual range of the barometer was indicated in inches and tenths by circular lines described from the centre. A pencil, with a fine point pressed on the card by a spring, and held by an upright rod floating on the mercury, accurately marked the state of the barometer ; the card, being carried forward by the clock, brought each day to the pencil. It was not even necessary to change the card at the year's end, as a pencil with a different-coloured lead would make a distinction between two years. This barometer-clock cost nearly two thousand pounds, and the maker was allowed a salary of two hundred pounds per annum to keep it in repair.'

Taking leave of these ingenious complications, we may say indeed that in nothing has ' man sought out many inventions,' or exhibited his diligence and patience, more than in the science of clockmaking. Earth, air, fire, and water have been pressed into his service for this purpose ; the sand or earth clock being worked like the water-clock ; the air-clock consisting in the pumping of a bellows, like those of an organ, the gradual escape of the air regulating the descent of a weight, which carried round the wheels ; and the fire-clock being formed upon the principle of the smoke-jack, the 'wheels being moved by means of a lamp, which also gave light to the dial ; this clock was made to announce the several hours by placing at each a corresponding number of crackers, which were exploded at proper times.' This very alarming time-piece was outdone by a cannon-clock placed in 1832 in the gardens of the Palais-Royal. ' A burning-glass was fixed over the vent of a cannon, so that the sun's rays at the moment of its passing the meridian were contracted by the glass on the priming, and the piece was fired ; the burning-glass being regulated for this purpose every month.' At Greenwich Observatory there is a most ingenious wind-clock, which, however, is not a time-measurer, but registers for itself, with pencil and paper, the wayward action of the wind. ' Each minute and each hour has its written record, without human help or inspection. Once a day only, an assistant comes to put a new blank sheet in the place of that which has been covered by the moving pencils, and the latter is taken away to be bound up in a volume. This book might with truth be lettered, "The History of the Wind ; written by Itself"—an *Eolian Autobiography*.'

The well-known and simple piece of mechanism called a cuckoo-clock has been the cause of some spiritual mischief. An assortment of them was

taken by certain missionaries to the Friendly Islands, the inhabitants of which resolutely refused to attribute them to science ; they believed that each contained a spirit, which would detect a thief if anything were stolen from their English visitors. When a native was sick, a cuckoo-clock was always sent for, as being 'great medicine.' Unfortunately, however, one of the clocks got out of order, and since the missionaries did not understand how to set it right, they fell into contempt, and lost their usefulness.

The two most curious examples of clock-work—apart from intricacy—to which Mr Wood has introduced us are the clock-lock and the clock-bed. The former, made by a locksmith of Frankfort in 1859, consisted of a strong box without any keyhole at all, and which even its owner could not open. Inside was a clock-work, the hand of which, when the box was open, the owner placed at the hour and minute when he again wanted to have access to the interior of the box. The works began to move as soon as the lid was shut, and Time alone was the key. The clock-bed was the invention of a Bohemian in 1858, and was so constructed that a pressure upon it caused a soft and gentle air of Auber's to be played, which continued long enough to lull to sleep the most wakeful. At the head was a clock, the hand of which being placed at the hour that the sleeper wished to rise, when the time arrived the bed played a march of Spontoni's (spontaneously) with drums and cymbals, enough to rouse the Seven Sleepers.

For usefulness and accuracy, however, we English may well be proud of our own clocks. The great timepiece of Westminster, which receives Greenwich time by electricity, exhibits no sensible error in less than a month. Mr Airy's last report upon its rate was that the first blow of the hour may be relied on within less than one second a week ; which is a seven times greater accuracy than was required in the original conditions under which the clock was built.

A proportionate part of Mr Wood's interesting volume is devoted to the smaller subject of watches. The invention of the coiled spring as a motive-power, instead of the weight used in clocks, seems to have taken place in 1477, at Nuremberg, where watches were first made, and called, from their oval shape, Nuremberg eggs. In 1530, we find Charles V., in his retirement at the monastery of St Yuste, amusing himself with ' portable clocks ;' reflecting : ' How foolish I was to have squandered so much blood and treasure to make men think alike, when I can't even make a few watches keep uniform time ;' and good-naturedly observing, when a clumsy monk overthrew them all : ' I have been labouring for some time to make these watches go together, and now you have effected it in one instant.' This emperor possessed one watch that was made ' in the jewel or collet of his ring,' so that diminutiveness of construction must have been rapidly attained to. George III., however, had a repeating-watch presented to him (by Arnold of Devereux Court, in the Strand), whose size did not exceed that of a silver twopenny-piece. ' It contained one hundred and twenty different parts, but altogether weighed not more than five pennyweights, seven grains and three-fourths. . . . For this delicate and exquisite specimen of his art, Arnold had to make nearly all the tools used in its manufacture. This tiny watch contained the first ruby cylinder ever made.

The king presented Arnold with five hundred guineas; and when the Emperor of Russia offered a thousand guineas for a similar one, the watchmaker refused to make it, lest he should depreciate the value of his gift.

When Diana of Poitiers became the mistress of Henry II. of France, the courtiers, because she was a widow, paid her the singular compliment of wearing watches in the shape of skulls and coffins. Sir John Dick Lauder possesses a skull-watch that belonged to Mary Queen of Scots; this is of silver gilt, and ornamented with representations of Death between the Palace and the Cottage; the Garden of Eden, and the Crucifixion; the Holy Family at Bethlehem; &c. The works are as brains in the skull, the hollow of which is filled by a silver bell; the dial-plate being on a flat upon the roof of the mouth. With reference to this ghastly subject, Mr Wood relates that in a French engraving of 1830, Death enters a watchmaker's shop, and shews his hour-glass to the master, saying: '*Vais-je bien?*' to which the latter answers: '*Vous avancez horriblement.*' Many persons addicted to the science of watchmaking seem, indeed, to have been on unusually familiar terms with the King of Terrors; and some have left epitaphs behind them of a very characteristic nature. In the churchyard of Lydford, in Devonshire, is to be read the following:

Here lies in a horizontal position,
the outside case of

George Routleigh, watchmaker,
whose abilities in that line were an honour to his
profession.

Integrity was the *mainspring*, and prudence the
regulator of all the *actions* of his life;
Humane, generous, and liberal, his *hand* never
stopped till he had relieved distress:
So nicely regulated was his *movements*,
that he never went wrong,
except when *set-agogo*
by people who did not know his *key*:

Even then he was easily *set right* again.
He had the art of disposing of his time
so well,

That his *hours* glided away in one
continual *round* of pleasure and delight,
Till an unlucky *moment* put a *period* to his
existence.

He departed this life November 14, 1802,
Aged 57, *wound up*,

in hopes of being taken in *hand* by his *Maker*:
And of being thoroughly *cleaned, repaired*, and
set-agogo for the world to come.

A much pleasanter composition in connection with watches is to be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1809:

ON SEEING A FRENCH WATCH ROUND THE NECK OF
A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

Mark what the gain from foreign lands;
Time cannot now be said to linger,
Allowed to lay his two rude hands,
Where others dare not lay a finger.

Of course, watches could not be made to imitate the feats of the Strasburg clock; but in the Academy of Sciences at St Petersburg there is a watch which was made by a Russian peasant, named Kulubin, in the reign of Catharine II., which is sufficiently wonderful. It is about the size of an egg, and contains a representation of the tomb of Christ, with the Roman sentinels. On pressing a spring, the stone is rolled from the tomb, the sentinels fall down,

the angels appear, the holy women enter the sepulchre, and the same chant which is sung in the Greek Church on Easter Eve is accurately performed.

The most costly and elaborate watch ever produced by British workmen, up to 1844, was made in that year by Hart and Son of Cornhill for the Sultan Abdul Medschid; the brilliancy of its colours, and exquisiteness of its pencilling, seem to have surpassed anything of the kind of foreign manufacture. It struck the hours and quarters by itself, and repeated them with the minutes upon pressing a small gold slide; and the sound, produced by wires instead of a bell, resembled that of a powerful and harmonious cathedral clock. Its price was one thousand two hundred guineas.

The most accurately exact watch is probably Mr Benson's Chronograph, used for timing the Derby. 'It consists of an ordinary quick train lever movement, on a scale sufficiently large to carry the hands for an eight-inch dial, and with the addition of a long seconds-hand, which traverses the dial, instead of being, as usual, just above the figure VI. The peculiarity of the chronograph consists in this seconds-hand and the mechanism connected with it. The hand itself is double, or formed of two distinct hands, one lying over the other. The lower one, at its extreme end, is furnished with a small cup or reservoir, with a minute orifice at the bottom. The corresponding extremity of the upper hand is bent over so as to rest exactly over this puncture, and the reservoir having been filled with ink of a thickness between ordinary writing fluid and printer's ink, the chronograph is ready for action. The operator, who holds tightly grasped in his hand a stout string connected with the mechanism peculiar to this instrument, keeps a steady look-out for the fall of the starter's flag. Simultaneously, therefore, with the start of the race, the string he holds is pulled by him, and at the same moment the upper hand dips down through the reservoir in the lower, and leaves a little dot or speck of ink upon the dial. This is repeated as the horses pass the winning-post, so that a lasting and indisputable record is afforded by the dots on the dial of the time—exact to the tenth of a second—which is occupied in running the race. As an example of the results of this instrument's operations, we may add that it timed the start and arrival of the Derby race in 1866 as follows: Start, 3 hours 34 min. 0 sec.; arrival, 3 hours 36 min. 49 sec.: duration of race, 2 min. 49 sec.'

To give an idea of the extraordinary division of labour in this delicate science, it was stated in evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, that there are one hundred and two distinct branches of the art of watchmaking, and that the watch-finisher, whose duty it is to put together the scattered parts, is the only one of the hundred and two persons who can work in any other department than his own. The hair-spring gives a very curious proof of the value that can be given to a small piece of steel by manual labour. Four thousand hair-springs scarcely weigh more than a single ounce, but often cost more than a thousand pounds. 'The pendulum-spring of a watch, which governs the vibrations of the balance, costs, at the retail price, twopence, and weighs three-twentieths of a grain; while the retail price of a pound of the best iron, the raw material out of which fifty thousand such springs are made, is the same sum of two-pence.' Mr Bennett—whose advocacy of female

labour in the watch-trade has rendered him obnoxious to some persons—states that he found at Neufchâtel, where the Swiss watches are chiefly made, twenty thousand women employed upon the more delicate parts of the watch-movement.

The last part of this very interesting volume is devoted to that perfection of timekeepers, the Chronometer, by which is found the longitude of a ship at sea. Twenty thousand pounds was offered by the British government for the invention of this instrument, which was awarded to John Harrison in 1765. His chronometer, in the first instance, was discredited on a voyage to Jamaica, since it differed with the chart by a degree and a half, but it was eventually discovered that it was the chart that was wrong. Of how accurately chronometers are made, there are numberless instances; here is one with which we must conclude. ‘After several months spent at sea,’ writes Dr Arnott, ‘in a long passage from South America to Asia, my pocket-chronometer, and others on board, announced one morning that a certain point of land was then bearing north from the ship, at a distance of fifty miles. In an hour afterwards, when a mist had cleared away, the looker-out on the mast gave the joyous call of “Land ahead!” verifying the reports of the chronometers almost to one mile, after a voyage of thousands of miles. It is allowable at such a moment, with the dangers and uncertainties of ancient navigation before the mind, to exult in contemplating what man has now achieved. Had the rate of the wonderful little instrument in all that time quickened or slackened ever so slightly, its announcement would have been useless, or even worse; but in the night and in the day, in storm and in calm, in heat and in cold, its steady beat went on, keeping exact account of the rolling of the earth and stars; and in the midst of the trackless waves, which retain no mark, it was always ready to tell its magic tale, indicating the very spot over the globe over which it had arrived.’

Among the relics of the Franklin expedition brought home from the arctic regions by McClinток was a pocket-chronometer in excellent preservation; it had stopped at 4 o'clock. The owner probably had done with Time ere that.

G U R T H A.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE history of Michael Petcowrie (he had been named after the Cove near which he was found) was this: He was the only human being saved from a vessel lured ashore and lost by wreckers' signals. He was adopted by an old man and woman who had lost seven sons at sea, and he grew up to know them as grandfather and grandmother. When found, they guessed him to be about three years old. He spoke some foreign tongue, which no one in those parts could understand, not even the doctor or the parson, and which, of course, he soon forgot in learning that spoken round him. He proved a good lad, was a good grandson to them, worked well for them, kept them in comfort. They had been dead now about a year, the old woman dying three days after the old man. They had left the cottage and a hundred pounds or so, which they had saved, to Michael.

The old woman had been foster-mother to Gurtha's mother (to whom the Grange had belonged), who had grown up in much such a

neglected manner as Gurtha, and had made an imprudent marriage. Her husband had deserted her soon after Gurtha was born; had been lost on the voyage to Australia, for which place he had started in the company of another woman, and with all the money of which he had been able to rob his wife, who died of something that might have been called a broken heart. From the earliest years of her childhood, Gurtha had been in the habit of toddling down to granny's cottage; and at these times she had often been solemnly confided to Michael's care, to be amused on the beach, or, occasionally in calm weather, taken out in the boat. Now, Michael was placed in circumstances of peculiar temptation. He loved Gurtha.—Well, of course, he did; he had loved her since she was a baby. Yes; but in what fashion, and how strongly he loved her now, he was only just beginning to find out. He hated Edgar. He had more than one good excuse—if any excuse for hatred can be good—for that; he had been played by him more than one ill turn and shabby trick. The simultaneous gratification of this love and this hate was, he believed, in his power. He had no thought that dishonoured Gurtha; the bewildering temptation that dazzled him had for sole end and aim the making her his wife, in order that no other man should have power to take her away from him. Of Gurtha's liking, affection, love for him, he could have no doubt. He was very simple and inexperienced, unread in romances, and unlearned in life; between love and love he did not distinguish. Whether that very love which delighted him, which was made up of the love of a sister for a kind brother, of an unloved girl for her one friend, and, unconsciously, of a superior for an inferior, would not shut him out from being the object of any other love from her, he never asked himself. That this might be so, he had no suspicion. He had always treated her with chivalrous respect, not designedly or consciously, so much as from instinct and innate honour. He had loved upwards, never forgetting that she was ‘a lady.’ He had never claimed the privileges of a brother; he had never kissed her, or been kissed by her since she was a tiny child, that *would* be carried in his arms, and *would* clasp him round the neck. Even then, he had been reverent in his caresses.

Now the time seemed come when all must change, when he must give up all love, or have all. He knew enough of the world to know that the girl who left the Grange for a foreign school, could never return to it. She would no longer be the Miss Gurtha who loved him; she would be a fine lady, just like another fine lady; kinder and freer, perhaps, but it would, from the very nature of things, be out of all question that she would love him. She would have friends who would not deign speak to a common fisherman; she would have lovers in her own rank of life. That was the intolerable thought.

Should he let her go? That was to say, could he give her up for ever? He believed he had the power to keep her. To let her go, would be to give up both revenge and love, all he held dear in life—all he had to hope for—all he had to live for. He could never, he firmly believed, take up with any woman of his own position—any strapping fishing-lassie, after having loved a lady. If he did let her go—if he did thus give up everything—what should he do it for? Her good? He could

not see any good that could come of it to her. He did not believe any man would love her as he did. He would serve her as if he were her slave ; he would treat her as if she were his queen. (Poor fool ! so ignorant of women as to think that a way to make a woman happy !) And then, if he let her go, what suffering must come of it to her ! Taken away from the sea she loved so, shut away from the sunshine and the sky, deprived of liberty and the free use of her limbs—suffering that perhaps would kill her. He knew what home-sickness was, and could recall the ache of it ; for once he had been sent away to the south coast for a pilchard fishing-season, and he hadn't been able to bear it, but before a week was out, being sent for ice, he had run away from the master he had been put under, and walked home. It would end in her running away ; and then, she being so beautiful a young lady, and the people in foreign parts, as he had heard, so wicked, what would that end in ? He savagely kicked the stones out of his path, asking himself again why and for what he should give her up ? Difference of rank ! Her mother had been a lady for certain, but her father ? Then, as to his own rank—who could tell but that his blood was as good as hers ! and it was blood the gentry swore by. Times and times, his old granny had told him how she believed he was born of gentle folks—if there were gentle folks in the parts he had come from—because of the fine linen that was round him when he was picked off the wreck ; for that matter there were the things in the old chest still, where anybody might see them. Poor old granny ! She had always been looking for a king, a queen, or a prince to come and claim him.

Young Petcowrie knew, as all the country knew, that Gurtha Trestrail had money of her own : this would help to smooth difficulties, enabling her to live always as a lady, which he should otherwise have been puzzled, perhaps, to enable her to do out of his earnings as a fisherman ; this would also heighten the taste of his revenge ; for he knew, as all the county also knew, that the young squire wasted his substance with riotous living, and could ill afford to let his sister's fortune pass out of his hands. But to do Michael justice, this money of Gurtha's threw no weight into the scale. He was not covetous : he had never known the pinching poverty that makes one feel what is called the real need of money, and had not the education, the refined and superfine civilisation, that creates so many unreal and artificial needs, which money must supply. He was in love, worshipfully in love. Gurtha herself—the certainty of possessing her—the right of protecting her—seemed to him over-sufficient reward for superhuman deeds and sacrifices, had such been in his power. That night, and two or three successive nights, young Petcowrie tossed about on a sleepless bed ; two or three successive mornings, the earliest glimmer of dawn found him out on the bay. The weather during those days was stormy and wet, but that did not seem to him a sufficient explanation why Gurtha, who loved to brave all weathers, and in some of her moods liked the worst weather best so long as she was out in it, did not come near the Cove. Had she been sent away already, by force ? Of an evening, he lurked about the Grange, dodging Mr Trestrail (whom he often saw limping about, as if he had met with some accident), and trying to get a glimpse of Gurtha. On the fourth evening, he saw her, sitting in the fire-lighted parlour, drooping, he

thought ; but, however, she was not gone, so he went home comforted.

Next morning, Gurtha came down to the Cove—not so early as usual. He was home from his fishing, had 'cleaned himself up a bit,' and was gardening in the plot of ground before the cottage, when he saw Gurtha coming along the moorland track.

'Come down on the sands ; I want to talk to you,' she said in passing.

He lingered behind, to wash the mould off his hands, and to gather for her some fine rich-scented carnations, then he joined her.

They walked up and down while they talked, and Gurtha put her hand on his arm. Michael felt himself a gentleman, and looked one with that kingly carriage of his.

'He's been at home all day—all the days since I saw you last ; and he hurt his foot the very next morning. He has been always watching me—that's why I've not been down before. I've not brought the books to-day, for I can't stay long, and I want to talk to you seriously, Michael—very seriously indeed.'

'If you'd stayed away a bit longer, Miss Gurtha, I can't say what I mightn't have done. Life's not worth having without you.'

'You can't do without your tyrant, and I can't do without my slave—that's it, isn't it, Michael ?'

'That's about it, Miss Gurtha.—Now about the school ?'

'Why, Michael, he really means to send me, I find. It's very serious. I won't go ; on that I'm determined ; and I don't want to die. It's all very well talking of dying, Michael, when you don't think what the words mean ; but when one does think of what they mean, of what dying is—not feeling the sunshine any more, or the wind any more, or the dash of the sea-spray ; not feeling the smooth sand or the springy moor under one's feet any more ; not smelling the honey of the heather-blossoms any more, or the rich, fruity odour of the gorse ; not watching the flight of the sea-birds, or the swell or the roll of the waves ; not feeling the water dance under our dancing boat, Michael, or feeling the flying of my poor *Corsair* ; not feeling any more, ever, any of these things ; but, instead, lying up there in the chirruphyard, under the weight of the damp ground, among the worms and the slimy, creeping, and crawling things !'

'Miss Gurtha, dying isn't only that, you know.'

'Isn't it ?' she said with a reckless laugh. 'I don't know that it isn't only that, Michael—you don't know—none of us know. Perhaps it would be better for most of us if it were only that. But we don't know, I tell you, Michael, and our parson, who pretends to know, knows no more about it than the rest of us. Is he readier to die than the rest of us ? He should be, if he believes what he tells us to believe. Think what a coward he proved himself in that storm last winter, Michael, when you were so brave ! And, again, when that accident happened in the mine, and you risked your life to save others, he, poor wretch, couldn't be coaxed into going down, when all was safe, to speak a little comfort to the poor man who was dying there, and couldn't be brought up ! I have always felt wickeder at church than anywhere else since that, Michael. If I once know that a man is a coward, I lose all trust in him, all respect for him : when I hear our parson preaching difficult things that he never dreams of practising, it puts me past

my patience, so that I can hardly help throwing the books at him, or calling him names! Suppose some morning I do something of that sort—you won't speak to me any more, I suppose?"

"Miss Gurtha, Miss Gurtha!" Michael's voice was a voice of reproof, but his face had kindled to a broad smile.

"Besides, I don't think *I* should be any more willing to die, Michael, if I did believe all he says. It doesn't seem a bit likely that a bad girl such as I am should turn into an angel all at once, and go straight to heaven; but even if I knew I should, if heaven is the sort of place our parson makes it out, I think it will be very dull and tiresome: I think it is much nicer here.—Sitting on the clouds and singing hymns! Hymns are so ugly! The noise of the sea on the rocks is much prettier, I'm sure!"

"Miss Gurtha," said Michael, laughing outright, "if you go on like that, I shall be almost obliged to believe that you are what you called yourself, though what no one else shall call you in my hearing."

"A bad girl? Oh, I am a bad girl: sometimes I am sorry, but not often. Sometimes I think I shouldn't be wicked any more, if I got away from Edgar: he makes "my angry passions rise" in an awful way; and if there is a devil, I wonder he doesn't come and fetch me some dark night, as nurse used to say he would, if I got into such passions."

"The sin's his, not yours, my pretty: your soul is as white—as—the foam there. It's not you the devil will fetch.—But about this going to school, Miss Gurtha?"

"About this *not* going to school, Mr Michael? How is it to be managed?—Michael, are you cold? Are you ill? You are shaking?"

"Your fancy, Miss Gurtha.—But about this going to school, I think, Miss Gurtha, you should go: I think you had better go." This was spoken heroically. Was it the girl's clinging confidence in him—the same thing that made him feel "like a gentleman"—that gave him courage? Five minutes before, he had not meant to speak in this way. He went on more and more earnestly, the ice once broken. "I suppose, Miss Gurtha, that there's many things that ladies learn that you don't know as yet. If only you'd try school for a bit—if, after all, you found you couldn't do with it, you'd only have to drop me a line, and wouldn't I come quick and fetch you?—No running away by yourself, Miss Gurtha, remember! But you'd like it, perhaps, after the first. You'd get friends, Miss Gurtha—ladies like yourself—and, may be, by and by, fine gentlemen as lovers." Saying the last word, he looked at her furtively. She was all blank amazement.

"You turn against me like this, and side with Edgar! What do I want with fine ladies or gentlemen, friends or lovers? I want my liberty.—Michael, school is prison. You don't know what school is, or you wouldn't speak as you've done. School would kill me. You'd feel no worse if you were put into prison than I should do at school."

"But if you'd try and bear it, just for a bit; you'll get liberty enough afterwards, you know. I'm sure, Miss Gurtha, that this is the rightest thing your brother has done by you. It's what he ought to have done years ago."

"When I was a child, I mightn't have minded it

so much. But to be treated like a child now—I won't bear it; I can't, and I won't."

"Bless you, Miss Gurtha, what age are you now? Nothing but a child yet, to speak the truth!"

"Michael!" she said, drawing away from him, for the moment mortally offended, "I thought you loved me; I thought you were a true friend; I thought I could always count on you; I thought you would never desert me."

"I'm a truer friend in saying this than I've been to you ever in anything before," he said ruefully.

"You're not, you're not! You *promised* to help me, and now, when I really want help, you desert me.—I tell you what will be the end of it, Michael: I shall drown myself; you will find me drowned, and then, I hope, you will be sorry." Covering her face with her hands, she burst into a passion of crying. Since she was a child, he had never seen her shed a tear.

"Miss Gurtha," he said tenderly, and laid his hand on her arm. "Don't, for God's sake, don't; I can't bear it."

She shook off his hand.

He watched her some time, his face working convulsively—then he seized her wrist. This time she let him touch her, but she resisted his efforts to draw her hand from her face.

"I've said what I've said because I thought I ought to say it, and you've no right to be angry with me." His other hand was round her waist, pulling her towards him; she resisted. "Miss Gurtha, it's breaking my heart to see you like this, and, though I warn you I believe it's the devil makes me give in, I promise to do what you wish."

Her hands were dropped from before her face instantly.

"I didn't know before what a good fellow the devil was!" she said; though her voice was still thick and checked by sobs, her eyes were dancing with glee. "You dear, good Michael!"

He released her wrist, contritely regarding its redness, and took his arm from round her; he had not clasped her to him; he looked down on the ground, as he said: "I think you're turning your best friend into your worst enemy, Miss Gurtha."

She paused before she spoke again, then it was to ask, looking at him wonderingly: "Have I offended you, Michael?"

Some words about "causing one of these little ones to offend" floated through Michael's memory, and confused a growing purpose; but he reassured himself. "It's not causing any one to offend—it's not wronging any one. What am I going to do to her? To make her the wife of a man who loves her, to give myself the right to give her the protection she asks for."

Gurtha was watching him; presently she said, speaking meekly for her: "Michael, I have no right to give you trouble. Perhaps I shall be getting you into trouble. Perhaps I had better go to school, even if it does break my heart and kill me."

"Not if I can hinder it!" he said. He confirmed his promise with an oath. Though she had never heard Michael swear before, this oath did not shock or alarm her, like the oaths she had heard from Edgar.

"Now, what was your plan?" he said. "Let me hear it."

She told him eagerly. He was to take her in his boat a long way, as far as he could take her in a day, and then—then he was to put her ashore

somewhere, where she could get a lodging, but where no one would know her. She would manage to have some money, and he was to sell her watch and trinkets to get more.

'Well,' he asked, 'and what am I to do?'

'Go back at once, so that no one may suspect how I got away; and come and see me sometimes.'

There was a pause; then he said: 'But the boat will be missed, if I'm away a whole day.'

'No need to go so far, then.'

'But, any way, while you are missing, I shall be suspected of murdering you; and if you're found, what better will you be off?'

'You must hide away, too, then. You are more clever,' she said; 'you make the plan, I'll do what you tell me.'

They talked a good while: when he parted from her, he said: 'Perhaps you'll hear no more about being sent to school, and then things can go on as they have done.'

This was but juggling with his conscience, and he knew it was.

CHAPTER III.

'You're to go to Chevala, to-morrow, to stay a week or two with Mrs Garstone,' was, the very evening of the day of that interview with Michael, Mr Trestrail's announcement to his sister.

'To Chevala!' she echoed.

'Yes; I'm just back from there. It's all settled.'

'Is it all settled? You haven't asked me. Do you think you can send me about like a baby, or a bale of goods? I shan't go.'

'I was prepared for that amiable answer. Mrs Garstone herself is coming to fetch you; you can say to her: "I shan't go." It's just what she will expect from what she has heard of you. I leave you to settle the matter with her.'

'I've nothing fit to wear. I wonder you are not ashamed to send me,' was said after a long pause.

'I have explained all that. Mrs Garstone has kindly proposed to take you to Scarmouth, to get you rigged out.'

'What time, to-morrow, will she be here?' was asked after another considerable pause, during which the brother and sister surveyed each other.

'I cannot tell you.'

'I think you can.'

'Well, I won't, then, if you prefer that form of speech.—Now, be off to bed, girl. Some friends of mine will be here directly—young fellows who are coming to spend the evening.'

'The night, you mean. Cards and drinking.'

'So you watch us through the keyhole, do you, little spy?'

'I leave such mean tricks for you, sir.'

'Be off, girl; be off! And mind, to-morrow, no skulking. Wherever you may hide, I'll ferret you out; and then, what a nice figure you'll cut before the Garstones!'

'I can't understand your venturing to send me to Chevala, as you wish to be in favour there. I suppose you trust to my generosity.'

'I don't send you there without sending your character before you: they are all prepared to find you prejudiced against a brother who has been your only sincere friend.'

It was hardly dark yet when Gurtha ran up to her own room; she was as far as possible from being sleepy; she sat down in the open window, and let

the bleak north-west wind that was blowing that evening cool her flushed cheeks, while she reflected: What did this sending her to Chevala mean? Did she intend to go? Life there would be one humiliation. No; she wouldn't let it be that: she wouldn't care for any of them—they might think her a savage if they chose; they might think anything they chose about her, she wouldn't care. She did mean to go, then—and why? She told herself that she was curious to see whether that young Mr Garstone always spoke to his sisters as she had heard him speak, or whether that grave gentleness was put on for outside show; whether they really loved him, or only pretended to do so; what it was like to be among such people as the Garstones.

Suddenly, a terrible light flashed upon Gurtha: This sending her to Chevala was only that Mrs Garstone might get her wardrobe supplied, as a preliminary to sending her to school! Perhaps the plan was for her to go there from Chevala—for her not to come back to the Grange. Well, perhaps it would be easier to escape from Chevala than from the Grange, if she were careful not to rouse suspicion by shewing that she suspected anything.

But how to let Michael know? She had told him that she should not be down in the Cove next morning; so, probably, he would be out fishing, or he would be gone to the town. She must see him before she left the Grange. The only way of making sure of this was to see him to-night.

A few moments' reflection; then she threw on her hooded cloak—left her window open—locked her door outside, taking the key with her—and stole down-stairs. No fear any one would hear her; bursts of reckless laughter and profane speech fell on her ear as she was passing the dining-room door. She had hardly passed when the door was flung open, and her brother stood in the passage, shouting for one of the men to bring in a favourite bull-dog from the yard. Gurtha shrank close against the wall, and stood there trembling. No one of the ill-regulated household answered the master's call. Swearing horribly, he went back into the dining-room, and rang a bell, which would bring the old housekeeper, if she happened to be sober. Gurtha availed herself of this instant; and darted out of the house.

It was a wild gusty night, clouds flying fast over a watery moon, a heavy sea beating deafeningly on the rocky coast—such a night as Gurtha loved, as filled her with wild exultation. She fled through it fast, as if trying to rival the fast-flying clouds.

Before she had remembered anything but the pleasure of this rapid and lawless night-walk, she was at the gate of Michael's garden; here she paused and hesitated. It was some instinct, no consciousness, that made her hesitate outside it and not go in.

'Dear, good, industrious old fellow!' she said to herself, as through the uncurtained window she saw Michael; both elbows on the table, both hands buried in his curly hair. He was poring over a book by the light of a candle: learning a lesson evidently, for every now and then he looked up from his book and muttered to himself.

Gurtha thought of the Grange dining-room, and of what was going on there, and said to herself: 'More of a man, and a better man, and also more of a gentleman than any of the wretches up there.'

After waiting a few minutes, she clattered the latch of the garden-gate as loud as she could, but

the wind had done that before ; she threw pebbles at the window, but the woody sprays of an ancient honeysuckle had been tapping there before ; she called ‘ Michael, Michael ! ’ but the wind took her voice, and blew it up over the moor towards the Grange ; the noise of the wind and the sea was both nearer and louder.

While Gurtha was debating what next to do, she saw Michael rise and yawn, stretching both arms over his head ; then he came out onto the porch to see how the night was.

‘ Michael, Michael ! ’

The moon shone on his face as, with a stride or two, he approached the gate.

‘ How frightened you looked ! ’ she said laughing.

‘ You here, Miss Gurtha, at night ! For God’s sake, get home again.’

‘ That’s civil, Michael ! Why, what’s the matter ? ’

‘ Well, after all, it’s no matter,’ he muttered. ‘ But what has happened, Miss Gurtha ? Is it come ? Have you run away from the Grange, not to go back again ? ’

The gate was between them ; he swung it open, and seized her hand.

‘ No, no, Michael.—What’s the matter with you ? I just ran down to tell you to-night, because I thought I shouldn’t see you in the morning, that I’m going to Chevala to-morrow, to stay a few days. I thought you would miss me, and wonder.’

‘ To Chevala ! That’s a trap, Miss Gurtha, just a trap to get you quietly away from here.’

‘ So I think, Michael ; and I wouldn’t go, only that I believe I can get away from Chevala more easily than I should be able to do from the Grange when Edgar was watching me.’

‘ But you won’t want to get away from Chevala, Miss Gurtha ; they’ll get you up with soft ways and sweet words, and talk you into wishing to be like one of the young ladies there—and then—there’s the young squire—he’ll be making love to you.’

‘ You’re forgetting yourself, Michael,’ she said, with assumed haughtiness ; then breaking into a peal of laughter—‘ Why, Michael, I do believe you are jealous ! ’

‘ Yes, I believe I am ! ’

‘ You foolish old Michael ! And you wicked old Michael, to believe that a few silly speeches would make me forget my dear old friend, my playfellow ever since I can remember.’

‘ That’s all very pretty, Miss Gurtha ; but—here he spoke with a sort of desperation, muttered his words between half-closed teeth, and yet in a way that prevented her from catching their sense—‘ when a fellow feels as I feel, he must have all or nothing.—But Miss Gurtha, while you are at Chevala—he had suddenly changed his manner—“ how shall I know anything about you ! —how shall I know when to have things in readiness ? ”

‘ I shall write to you.’

‘ The big round hand then,’ he said, colouring.

‘ Of course, the big round hand.—I shall send my letters to Thorney-cliff Office, and you must go there to find them.’

‘ No good’ll come of this visit,’ he groaned.

‘ I don’t see what harm can come of it.—Michael, you are hurting my hand.’

He released it with a muttered apology.

She bade him good-night, and sped away : he followed her at a distance, just to make sure that no harm befell her ; it would have been a great

satisfaction to him to knock somebody down in her behalf. He saw her enter the Grange yard, having met nobody, and then he went back to his cottage, to spend great part of the night in renewed self-conflict.

She got into her room by a way of her own ; scaling the ivy-covered wall with cat-like nimbleness, and getting in at the window.

Next morning, Gurtha took unusual pains with her dress ; she spent twice the usual time over her hair too, wreathing it up in close thick plaits, instead of letting it fly wild in untidy curls. She had attempted to dress it as the girls from Chevala dressed theirs ; but Gurtha’s hair being twice as thick, and much longer, obstinately wavy and wilful, instead of soft, straight, and compliant, the result was very different.

She turned out all her dresses, trying to discover one that was neither stained with sea-weed and seawater, nor torn with scrambling over the rocks ; and at last she found a black silk which she had hardly worn—such a sombre gown not being to her taste or Michael’s. This she put on ; and then she tried the effect of a great lace-collar and wide ruffles that had been her mother’s. By putting on these, and a bow of orange-coloured ribbon, she managed to make her toilet bizarre and picturesque, and to look as unlike a modern young lady as possible.

‘ It’s been trying to civilise itself,’ sneered Edgar ; ‘ but I can’t much compliment it upon the result.’ He was not down till noon that day ; and soon after he had finished his breakfast, the Chevala carriage drove up. He went out to receive the ladies, and ushered them in with many apologies for the wild, neglected state of the place.

‘ A house without a mistress never looks anything but wretched and dismal. The state of the place so preys upon me, that I cannot bear to be much here ; yet I have no heart to set to work to improve it while I have no one but myself to please.’ This was his melancholy-toned speech as he led the way indoors.

‘ You must get it all in nice order before your sister comes home again,’ Gurtha heard Mrs Garstone say. ‘ She might have a good garden here,’ pausing in front of the house : ‘ it is a south aspect, and tolerably sheltered.’

‘ The churchyard has been the only garden the Grange has ever had ! ’

‘ It is unfortunately near.’

‘ Some time, perhaps, I shall pull down the Grange, and rebuild it. There is a splendid site not a quarter of a mile distant, which I should like some day to shew you, and consult you about.’

‘ My girls know your sister, but I have never seen her,’ Mrs Garstone said as they entered the room where Gurtha was. Her voice first, and now her kindly old face, moved Gurtha in her favour : she received her in a way that astonished Edgar—with a sort of natural dignity and cordial grace, so different from the manner he had expected. He was annoyed, for this freak of hers gave the lie to much he had said about his sister.

‘ She is a splendid young creature, and has been infamously neglected ! ’ said outspoken Mrs Garstone when Gurtha had left the room to get her hat. ‘ Not, of course, that I much blame you, Mr Trestrail. What can a man do with a girl of that sort ? ’

‘ What, indeed.’

Mildred and Adela Garstone made various

attempts to draw Gurtha into conversation during the long drive to Chevala, but in vain ; she had subsided into a corner next Mrs Garstone, and was absorbed in her own thoughts and feelings : she had never before left the Grange for one day, had never slept away from it since she was born. Her heart was very uneasy : something seemed to be tugging at it.

She was sad, and looked sulky. The want of air in the closed carriage oppressed her : her face was flushed, and her brows were folded to a heavy frown. Mrs Garstone, now and then glancing at her, half regretted the charge she had undertaken. Mildred and Adela regarded her with a curious mixture of terror, admiration, and contempt—admiration of her natural gifts, her magnificent eyes and hair, her handsome mouth, with its full red, short, curved upper lip, her glowing complexion, grand brows, and stately growth, mingling with terror of the violence of temper they had heard of, and contempt for her ignorance of all arts of dress, for her want of all personal neatness and refinement.

'Would you mind taking me back, Mrs Garstone?' Gurtha asked suddenly. Mrs Garstone turning round, found that the girl's eyes were blazing through tears.

'I can hardly do that now, my dear. We are close to Chevala : the horses are tired.—Are you ill, or have you forgotten anything?'

'It's no matter,' Gurtha answered.

'But what is it, my dear?'

'I don't know.'

No explanation was to be got out of her.

BIRDS AT MY WINDOW.

STANDING in my window, I
See above a leaden sky ;
Here and there a patch of blue,
Where the sun is gleaming through,
Edging all the cloudy masses
Over which his brilliance passes
With a fleecy line of whiteness—
Here half dim, but there all brightness.
Suddenly the sun withdraws ;
There's a momentary pause—
Then the snow begins to fall,
Dimming the broad landscape all.
Murmur winds as in displeasure,
Tossing leaves with angry seizure,
Flinging smoke now up, now down,
From each chimney's blackened crown.
Ah ! it is a wintry scene—
Snow here, snow there, snow all between.

Birds ! you 've seen me, and you 've come
Hither for your daily crumb.
Here it is ; go eat your fill.
Fly away each little bill,
Whilst I, your brother, feast my eyes,
And on your movements moralize.

Master Redbreast, you are there :
Welcome, Robin, to a share.
I love to see thy eye of sloc
Ever saying : 'I would know ;'
Thy coat of brown ; thy orange vest,
That wraps so well thy bulging breast ;

Thy puffed-out feathers' dumpy form,
All shaped and suited to the storm.
Welcome, Robin, to a share :
Ever to my sill repair.

There, as in a nervous fit,
Comes my little Tommy Tit :
Never was so smart a fellow
In his blue, and green, and yellow.
How his head, and feet, and wings
Move as on electric springs !
Now he nods, now perches, now wheels ;
Now turns his head beneath his heels ;
Now breasts the wall, now climbs the branch ;
Now fierce with little bill will cranch
Frozen seed, or crust, or tallow—
Oh, he is an active fellow !

Yes, I see you, pretty finches,
Whom relentless hunger pinches—
Rich in hues all bright and rosy,
Each is like a winged posy,
Gathered by angelic hands,
In the far celestial lands.
But what is this, my pretty cocks ?
Are ye just like human folks ?
Must ye snarl, must ye quarrel ?
Must ye rather fight than eat,
Striking with your bills and feet ?
Fie, O fie ! thou boldest finch.
No, thou wilt not yield an inch ;
My sill must be a battle-field
Where Jack shall fight, and Ned shall yield.

There, up-springs theousel cock,
Fairest bird of all the flock !
'Cluck ! Cluck !' he cries, and having spoke,
And suffered all his nervous shock,
Strains his neck, and lifts his eye,
As if to ask some reason why—
That eye as black as is his wing,
And glancing from an orange ring.
O thou pretty, pretty bird,
Loved as much when seen as heard,
Thou hast a bill of richest gold,
Such as the mines of heaven hold ;
Thou hast a rich melodious throat ;
Thou hast a glossy priestly coat ;
Thou art a bird of comely shape,
And thine the wing to make escape ;
Thou art—

Halloo ! my birds are all away,
And there is grim Grimalkin baffled of her prey.

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